

JEAN ELIOT'S  
LETTERA Chronicle  
Society

Susan Dear—What a transformation this week has worked! A hint of sunshine, a few soft days, and already there's a film of green on the trees and hedges, a smell of fresh earth and of budding green things and a "feel" in the air which whispers that winter has at last ceased to "linger in the lap of spring."

Already the tea houses, snugly by the roadside, which have sprung up like mushrooms since the motor came to its own, are opening for the season. Last Sunday at the Old Pierce Mill Tea House in Rock Creek Park, the array of fine cars parked nearby had all the air of a big function in town, with the delightful informality of the al fresco tea parties to take the curse off.

While the tea house is most popular of an afternoon, luncheons and bridge parties are given there frequently during the springtime, and there is no more popular manner of entertaining. As in former seasons, the Mill is under the efficient management of Miss Mary Louise Noble.

## Boom in Maryland Licenses.

I wager that a by-product of this first warm spell has been the sudden increase in the belated purchase of Maryland licenses; for the motorist is ranging farther afield and Maryland roads are passing good. "Blue books" and road maps of one sort or another being easily available, it is easy to map out an afternoon jaunt or a week-end trip with good roads all the way and some point of interest by way of destination and excuse.

There's Sandy Spring, quaintest of Quaker settlements, which, according to the dwellers therein, was founded by John Fox in the spirit if not in the flesh. There's all the lovely region around about Germantown with its smiling farms—such rich and well cultivated farms—and its view of Sugarloaf mountain in the distance. There's "Frederick town," with the very house from which Barbara Fritchie defied the rebel army; and, if you hold with the realists and refuse to credit this charming tradition, there's the whole expanse of Frederick county, the richest in Maryland, to delight your practical mind. Then, too, there's lower Maryland, with all prime George county and Charles county, as well, within easy reach, for a week-end, and with many quaint and charming spots to serve as rai-son d'être for the trip.

We motored to Rock Point—you remember I wrote you we were going—a fortnight ago, while the chill was still in the air, and the country bare and brown. We found there a pebbly spit, a hotel comfortable enough and clean, quantities of oysters, and a broad expanse of water, the junction of the Potomac and the Wycombe, which gave promise of boating, fishing, and later on a swim. Moreover, there were rows of wooden decoys along the veranda, live decoys in the yard, and mine host talked persistently of duck shooting. However, it was then of season, so we had no chance to put his tales to the test. I do know, though, that ever so many Washingtonians go down for the shooting, and in summer for the fishing, which is fine.

## Route of Booth's Flight.

Still, we found our greatest pleasure in the run and the things we discovered by the way. The road lies over the Anacostia bridge and thence to La Plata, and is notable chiefly for being the road by which Booth escaped after Lincoln's assassination. It's flat, rather uninteresting country, but the going is fine and there's one straight stretch of six miles to delight the soul of the motorist.

Beyond La Plata the country's pretty, with on our way we made a detour through Chapel Point, with its quaint chapel and monastery crowning the hilltop, and through Fort Tobacco. There's a real deserted village, deserted alike by its people and by the broad creek which helped to make it in its day one of Maryland's busiest ports. Fort Tobacco lived up to its name in colonial days, and from it most of the ships of southern Maryland was shipped. It was there the planters from the country round came to dispose of their crops. Big warehouses nestled against the hillside. By day there was chattering and bargaining galore and at an evening gay doings among the younger blades.

## Colonial Mansions in Ruins.

Now the creek lies a mile or more over the way. A few crumbling brick structures, a few frame buildings sagging in strange shapes, and a few tall brick chimneys—beautiful things with high shoulders and sometimes a little door opening into a brick-lined oven—this is Port Tobacco. One little house has been patched up, a bright new tin roof added, and the tiny garden put in order. Somebody lives there. But it only serves to accent the desolation.

There's something about a hill about all this country, for nearly every hill is crowned by a fine colonial mansion, and many of them are falling into ruins. It's a country to delight the soul of the lover of things colonial, with its wide-winged homesteads of warm, red brick, and to break his heart when he sees them falling to decay. And it's particularly trying to see new houses springing up over the way, indubitably nice—and costing much money.

## Countess Scheel to Return.

Countess Mary de Scheel, who has been for a long time availing in this country, will return to her home in Denmark in three or four weeks, provided it is considered safe for her to make the crossing. Meanwhile she will stay on in Washington.

The little countess, who has the distinction of holding the woman's tennis championship of Denmark, is quite well known and very popular here. She spent the greater part of last winter in Washington as the guest of the former Austrian ambassador, Dr. Dumba, and Madame Dumba, and since then she had stayed with Mrs. Murray Swinard at her charming apartment in Stoneleigh Court.

Countess Scheel's father, Landgraf Scheel, has a home in Copenhagen and a lovely castle in Jutland, which travelers are wont to call the prettiest place in Scandinavia. His title of Landgraf is the highest in Denmark and is borne by but three other men. He is also "Grand Veneur à la Cour," and a position at court is much cov-



BARONESS MARY DE SCHEEL.

ed, but his hereditary title is regarded as a much greater distinction.

"In addition to 'my countess,' who is quite young, quite fetching—here's her picture to prove it—and speaks perfect English with the most delightful voice and just a wee bit of an accent, Washington has been treated to several title visitors of late. There's Countess Spottiswood Macklin, who is becoming a 'vrai' Washingtonian, and Mrs. Greely's cousin and guest, Countess Montjole de Broberg, in whose honor quite a little informal entertaining has been arranged. Also there's Baroness von Ketteler, who is stopping at the Shoreham.

Baroness von Ketteler was Miss Leyard, of Detroit, and married Baron von Ketteler before he was made German minister to China, where he met a tragic death at the beginning of the Boxer revolution. His assassination occurred when he was on the way to the Tung La Yamen to protest against the treatment his colleagues were experiencing, and to try to make some provision for their safety. The baroness was in Peking at the time, and it was feared she would not recover from the effects of the tragedy. She left Peking for Berlin as soon as possible, and was received with every honor by the Kaiser. For a long time she lived in Germany, but since the war has found it more agreeable on this side of the water. She came to Washington to see Mrs. McMillan, wife of Senator McMillan, who was the dear ex machina in her courtship.

## Quite a "Bride" Party.

It was a very "bride" party, the luncheon that Hildegard Hurley gave for her guest, Miss Kelly, and May Fowler, Dorothy Brooks Holcombe, a new bride, was there, and two brides-about-to-be, May herself, and Hanna Taylor. Hanna was a befeathered white hat with her frock of a lovely rich shade of blue; and May's gray frock was part of her trousseau, I wager. It was made with an underbodice of flesh colored georgette crepe, and with it she wore a huge black sailor hat, with a bunch of field flowers at the front of the crown. Handsome May 8 as the date of her marriage to Clay May as it is the anniversary of the day Dr. and Mrs. Taylor were married. She also is modeling her wedding after the marriage of her mother and father, who had a simple home wedding, followed by a big reception with dancing.

While we write about "relief work" and demand a ball or a ballet or a jollification of sorts in return for our small contribution to the cause, a certain American woman, and a woman in whom many Washington folk are interested, is quietly going about a special philanthropy which is having a far-reaching effect. She is Miss Izabela Turner, who has established at her beautiful home, the Villa Esperanza in Madeira, a colony for the native women of the island to continue the embroidery which is their only means of livelihood. The industry but for this would have been annihilated completely in consequence of the war by the closing of the embroidery factories established by the Germans.

Miss Turner is the daughter of Mrs. Harriet Turner, of Washington, and a sister of Campbell Turner, sometime of the American diplomatic service, who is now serving with the British army. She owes her cosmopolitan breadth of sympathy and executive ability to her varied and distinguished ancestry.

## Has Noted Great-Grandfather.

Her great-grandfather on her mother's side, was Judge George Campbell, of Tennessee, minister to Russia from this country in the reign of Alexander I. from whose beautiful Cavalier, Miss Turner derives her somewhat singular given name. Judge Campbell also served both in Congress and in the Senate, was Secretary of State under President Madison, and was appointed by President Andrew Jackson one of the commissioners to settle the French claims dispute. Her maternal grandfather, Judge Campbell, was a man of great distinction, and her great-grandfather, who was a

commander of the famous Stonewall

brigade. Miss Turner's father, the late Capt. Thomas Turner, was a member of the local family of that name, while her mother is a representative of several of the leading historical lines of both Maryland and the Far South. Mrs. Turner not only is a woman of interesting personality and social prominence, but has traveled extensively and has attained some consequence as a writer. Among her several grandchildren are the two Waterman girls, Winnifred and Adele, who married George Worthington, Julia May Colquhoun, whose mother was a Turner, also is of the same family.

## Lady Aberdeen's Charity.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Aberdeen—the "dear Aberdeens," as so many are calling them—who had such an eminently successful visit in Washington this winter, are last reported from Aberdeen, N. D., the town whose name bespeaks their large landed interests in Canada. They made their plea for aid for Ireland, which is really the purpose of their visit to this country, in Washington. But it was after they left here that Lady Aberdeen instituted a little charity enterprise all her own, a modest enterprise, the selling of poplin ties for the poor of Ireland. Somehow while one may hesitate to offer a brass medal for sale or beg acquaintance, one doesn't mind selling them neckties. And fortunately every man needs them—many and oft. So the ties, made of good Irish poplin, are being sold all along the itinerary of the Aberdeens. The start was made in Chicago, for which Lady Aberdeen had a soft spot in her heart, and she brought the Irish village to the world's fair. She is an honorary member of the Chicago Woman's Club, and few guests have been so royally entertained in Chicago as the Aberdeens.

## Women for Defense.

More preparedness? Did you know that there was a perfectly good branch of Mrs. George Childs Drexel's Woman's Division, made up of the wives of the officers and employees of the Pennsylvania railroad, right here in Washington?

The purpose of the Woman's Division is to mobilize the great army of women connected with the railroad into an organization which may be depended upon for prompt and efficient aid in time of war or any national calamity. They also prepare supplies for use of our own soldier boys and through their efforts many young men who could not otherwise afford it are enabled to take the course offered by the military training camps. Mrs. Drexel, I hear, has offered a fully equipped motor ambulance, with a chauffeur to run it, to the Government for use in Mexico.

The Washington Terminal Branch, which is an offshoot of this organization, was organized at a meeting held at the home of Mrs. George Dallas Dixon, wife of one of the vice presidents of the Pennsylvania railroad, and is in charge of Mrs. A. M. Kennel, whose husband is superintendent of the Washington Terminal Company.

## TODAY'S BEAUTY HELP

You can keep your hair at its very best by washing it with this simple, inexpensive shampoo, which cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly of all the dandruff and dirt and leaves a clean, wholesome feeling. Just use a teaspoonful of canthox dissolved in a cup of hot water, afterwards rinsing thoroughly with clean water. One finds that the hair dries quickly and evenly, is unstreaked, bright, soft and fluffy, so fluffy, in fact, that it looks more abundant than it is, and so soft that arranging it becomes a pleasure. All scalp irritation will disappear and the hair will be brighter than ever before.—Adv.

The chapter is flourishing. It meets every Wednesday morning in a room at the Terminal, and the members, the wives of Mr. Kennel's assistants, are taking a thorough course in dietetics, first aid, home nursing, and kindred subjects, under the direction of Dr. Lemon.

## Lure of North Shore.

The lure of the North Shore is like to prove as strong as ever for Washingtonians this summer, and in particular that lovely little corner of it, which is East Gloucester. Always the Washington colony flourishes and already many people you know have taken cottages or engaged rooms at the hotels.

The Reeve Lewises have the same cottage they occupied last season, I believe, and they last fall May Adams leased a lovely place at Bass Rocks, which is just over the way from Gloucester.

Accompanied by Mrs. Buchanan Merriman, she expects to take possession early in July. By some delay or misunderstanding, Mr. and Mrs. I. T. Mann lost out on the place they had in view, but they are still house-hunting in that neck o' woods, and if they fail to find suitable summer quarters, will take rooms at Hawthorne Inn.

Mrs. William Barrett Ridgely and her mother, Mrs. Deering, who go to Hawthorne Inn every year, will return this summer, and others who have already made plans to join the hotel colony are Mr. and Mrs. Richard K. Tyler and the Billy Hills and their family.

Mr. and Mrs. Beale Howard will probably go to Magnolia and then, of course, there are many splendid North Shore estates owned by Washingtonians which will be opened for part of the season at least. There's "Swiftmore," Mr. Axel Winfield's stunning place at Price's Crossing, where Mr. and Mrs. Winfield and Frances Moore will doubtless establish themselves for the summer, and the Joseph Letters always spend part of every season at "Edge-water," their lovely place near by. Mrs. James McMillan and Mrs. Preston Gibson always go to the North Shore, and it is probable that the Italian embassy will also be established "there or thereabouts" again this summer.

## Experiences in Mexico City.

A recent tea party I fell into conversation with an interesting little lady who had just come up from Mexico City. She told me about her experiences in crossing the border, when all her belongings, her clothing, etc., were fumigated, and she herself treated to a gas-bath. Sounds strenuous, doesn't it? I gathered that her husband edited a paper in the Mexican capital for several years, and then she was borne away from me by the stream of callers, just as I was nervously trying to ask numerous questions pertinent and possibly impertinent.

Another traveler just out of Mexico showed me with great pride a menu card fished from the dining car of the last train on which she traveled. While the prices are in Mexican money, they are likely to prove somewhat alarming to the average tourist. Here are some of the items:

Chicken soup.....\$1.00  
Corned beef hash......50  
Two boiled eggs......50  
Cold lamb......50  
Sandwiches......50  
Bread and butter......40  
Coffee......40  
Tea......40  
Drink of whisky or beer.....50  
Ginger ale......50  
Cigars, two for.....1.00

Which sounds just a bit worse than the civil war stories of boots costing \$250 per pair.

Which has its amusing side, although a bit disagreeable, but it's not amusing to read in a letter from "somewhere in Mexico"—that our boys are 7,000 feet below sea level, and that they have but two blankets apiece and that their shoes are giving out.

## Coming Back From Islands.

General and Mrs. Mills are looking forward to the arrival in May of their daughter-in-law, Mrs. Chester Mills, and her little girl, Marshall Dandridge Mills, who was born in the Philippines a little over a year ago. Lieutenant Mills' tour of duty in the Islands will not be up until August, and he'll come home then; but Mrs. Mills and the baby are sailing Saturday, and are due to arrive about May 20. Of course General and Mrs. Mills are most anxious to meet the little granddaughter they have never seen.

Their daughter, Mrs. Emil P. Laurson, is also coming to visit the Mills, and with her little Miss Betty Laurson. They are going to stop in Knoxville on their way up from Fort Oglethorpe for a little visit with Mrs. John S. Brown, mother, Mrs. John S. Brown, and will reach here April 27 or 28. Lieutenant Laurson is in Mexico with Colonel Dood's flying squadron.

Great news from Lieut. and Mrs. "Monte" Fox. They have a daughter, but the sad part of it is that Lieutenant Fox went into Mexico just two days before the baby was born. Helen, who was Helen Heyl, is in San Antonio, where Lieutenant Fox was ordered last winter, after being stationed at West Point barracks for two years. The little girl is to be called Shelley Turner Fox.

Monte is with the squad of engineers who are attached to General Pershing's force, and whose chief business is making impassable roads passable.

## Fun on Mayflower.

President Wilson is the first of the

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Chief Executives to really get any fun out of having the Mayflower at his disposal. It is the President's seagoing hack, but during the Taft and Roosevelt regimes it spent most of its time anchored at the navy yard, occasionally taking the Presidential family and their friends on some pleasant little jaunt, but rarely being honored by the Presidential person. The Colonel, though, his home is on Oyster Bay, headquarters of one of the most famous of the Long Island yacht clubs—the Seawanhauk Corinthian—has never been addicted to water sports—unless to be sure the great naval reviews which were one of his favorite Presidential pastimes are to be included under that head. They were about the only thing he ever used the Mayflower for. He did usually review them from the deck of the Presidential yacht, but she was brought around to his front door, so to speak, and somebody held her while he climbed aboard. Horses and tennis were his recreations, and he was of much the same way of thinking, substituting golf for tennis, and being a merciful man, using motors rather than horses.

## Boy and Girl Romance.

The marriage of pretty little Mary Wallace and M. Campbell Oliphant on Easter Monday will be the culmination of a boy and girl romance. They have been sweethearts since they were both quite small. Campbell has lived since a baby at the old home of his grandfather, the late Brig. Gen. Richard C. Thomas, on the Rockville road, near Bethesda, and Mary has made her home for the last ten years or more in Drummond, which adjoins the Drum estate. So they have grown up together and have had eyes only for each other all the while.

The wedding is to take place at the little church in Bethesda, on the corner of Bradley lane and the Rockville road, which they both attend.

Katherine Rohrer is to be the maid of honor, and Mary's sister, Brenta, is to be bridesmaid. There are to be two little flower girls, Margaret Fleming, a little neighbor of Mary, and little Alma Johnson. Ralph Wilson, another neighbor, will be best man, while the ushers will be Henry Marbury, Mary's cousin, French Wallace, son of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Wallace, also of Drummond.

There will be no reception. After a wedding trip the young people will settle down at the old Drummond home. Quite a number of parties have been given in their honor. Also, they have already received scores of attractive wedding presents.

Campbell is following the example of his brother, Lieut. Morgan Oliphant, U. S. A., who married Ruth Horney, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Otis Horney, about four years ago. Ruth and Morgan grew up together in Chevy Chase, and were married in 1911. They are now in the Philippines. Campbell is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Hughes Oliphant. His mother was Miss Morgan Drum. His father is from Trenton, N. J. Mary is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Clay Wallace. Mrs. Wallace was formerly Miss Alma French, of an old Washington family. Mr. Wallace is in Virginia. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace have lived in Washington most of their married life, though they made their home in Atlanta for several years.

## To Entertain D. A. R.

Next week will be a busy one for Mrs. Delos Blodgett for she will have a house full of guests, mostly delegates to the D. A. R. Congress. Mrs. Blodgett is the daughter of the late general of the D. A. R., Mrs. Charles G. Matthews, her sister, who has been the general of Mrs. Wynn in Atlanta for several weeks, will return tomorrow, accompanied by Mrs. Wynn, Mrs. Fred Hodge, of Kalamazoo, Mich., will be her guest from tomorrow for several days, and former Governor and Mrs. Slaton of Georgia will stop here en route from New York to Atlanta.

Mrs. Blodgett and her attractive daughter, Helen, reached Washington on Wednesday after an absence of several weeks. Mrs. Blodgett had been in Grand Rapids, Mich., to attend the dedication of the Blodgett Memorial Hospital which was presented to that city on March 7 by her stepson, John W. Blodgett. He gave thousands of dollars for the hospital in memory of his mother. Helen had been in Florida.

On the 22d, Mrs. Blodgett and Helen will go to Atlanta for opera week. Atlanta is Mrs. Blodgett's old home. She was born and raised there, so always anticipates a visit to that gayest of gay cities with unusual pleasure.

More troops are leaving Fort Myer, sad to relate, but not for Mexico this time. Tomorrow Battery F, of the Third Field Artillery, under the command of Lieut. Joe Brabson and Lieut. Charles Kilburn, will go to Baltimore for three weeks and thence to the summer camp at Tobyhanna, Pa. These will be the first troops to go to Tobyhanna, but others will follow shortly. Which means, I suppose, that the wives of the officers will flock there early in the summer. In "the season" Tobyhanna takes on quite the air of a summer resort.

Troop A of the Second Cavalry will also leave Fort Myer tomorrow, but

will go in the opposite direction. Chickamauga, near Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., is their destination and Capt. George Furlington and Lieut. Charles Foster will be in charge. They are to supply horses and make themselves generally useful at the business men's camp to be held there for several months. Lieutenant Foster will probably serve as instructor.

And again Lieut. Richard Burleson has been sent away, though only temporarily. He has gone to New York as militia instructor to relieve Capt. Dan Hand, who is at the Walter Reed Hospital for treatment. Col. Charles T. Mencher is still at Walter Reed and is not at all improved.

As Mrs. Mencher spends the greater part of each day at the hospital, she sent for her sister, Mrs. A. J. Norton, of New York, to stay with her and look after the household affairs. Colonel and Mrs. Mencher have had a letter from their son, Lieut. Pearson Mencher, who is with Colonel Dood in Mexico.

It was an interesting diary of the events of the first ten days in Mexico, reporting the Seventh Cavalry in good shape. The letter was sent from somewhere in the interior to Douglas, Ariz., by aeroplane.

Fort Myer these days is occupied chiefly by temporary widows and from the news that I have just imparted, the colony of widows promises to increase. Several of these ladies are trying to relieve their loneliness by having house guests. Mrs. C. C. Cope, of Omaha, who visited Capt. and Mrs. Clemens McMillan for so long last year, is now with Mrs. McMillan—the captain was one of the first to go to Mexico, and Mrs. William D. Forsyth is expecting company, too.

Everyone seems pleased to hear that Capt. Duncan Elliot is able to be about again, after having been desperately ill for many months. He had a serious operation, which was followed by pneumonia. He is still at the hospital, but goes out for a ride each day.

Tomorrow, every Monday afternoon in fact, the wives of the soldiers at Fort Myer will meet with Mrs. Hugh Scott, for instruction in Red Cross work. Blanchard Scott, Mrs. Hunter Scott, Mrs. Mencher and one or two other officers' wives will with them, under the instruction of Dr. Lee Dunbar, of the army.

## Bit With Set of Teeth

WINNIPEG, April 15.—Death due to having bitten himself with his false teeth, might be the death certificate filled out by F. T. Morgan, who died in Winnipeg.

Nearly a month ago Morgan was taking a nap in the afternoon. A battalion of troops marched by his home and suddenly the buglers blew several lusty blasts.

Morgan jumped up quickly. His false teeth lodged in his throat. An operation to remove them was successfully performed, but the teeth had severed tissues in his throat which refused to heal.

## Boy Fishing Makes Catch Of Real One Dollar Bill

WELLSBORO, Pa., April 15.—Two boys, Brown and Seale, went fishing for suckers below town. Brown thought he had a bite and pulled. He had something on his hook that looked like a lizard. He pulled his line for further examination, and there was a genuine dollar bill. It was washed, dried, and declared "current coin of the realm."

## Cat Is Trying to Raise

## Family of Young Foxes

GRAINER, N. C., April 15.—Daniel Wiggins, who lives near here, felled a tree on his place a day or two ago, and discovered that a mother fox and family had been deprived of their home in the midst of the roots. The old fox was killed. Wiggins carried the infants to his home and delivered them to a cat, who had just lost her little ones by drowning. The mourning cat accepted the substitute babies with seemingly perfect satisfaction.

## Got Grave by Fraud.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 15.—Dunscepi Farina, sued to oust a body from a grave at San Mateo, so he might occupy the tomb himself. He gained his point on showing that the dead man obtained the burial place by false pretenses.



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